Poetry.

A BALLAD OF THE PROPERTY OWNER.

In old days the robbers lived out in the woods
Or dwelt in a hole in the ground,
And cheerfully froze to the traveler's goods
Whenever he happened around,
Oh, the robber of old
Was simple and bold,
And rarely put on any frills;
But the robber of to-day
Has quite a different way,
And the tax payers foot up the bills—
Bills—bills—the tax-payers settle the bills.

The old-fashioned robber was deft with his dirk
The robber to-day wears a smile;
With a murderous club No. 1 did his work,
No. 2 uses "grease" from his "pile,"
The oldentime gang
Often festively sang
While doling its death-dealing pills;
Its latter-day friend
Blandly moves to amend—
And the tax-payers looks to the bills—
Bills—bills—the tax-payers settle the bills.

The Queen Anne highwayman was meek as a lamb
When the law called on him to atone;
The paving contractor does not care—anything hardly.
But rigs up a law of his own,
Oh, the brave Robin Hood,
Who was moderately good,
Never lugged off the eternal hills;
But his heir-at-law trots
Off with farms and with lots,
And the tax-payers sigh at the bills—
Bills—bills—the tax-payers settle the bills.

—*Kansas City Journal.*

HOUSEHOLD.

SWISS PUDDING.

One cup fine bread crumbs, two cups milk, three eggs, one tablespoon butter, melted, one half teaspoon salt, one-half saltspoon pepper, one-half pound cheese, grated. Soak the crumbs in the milk, add the other ingredients, cover with dry crumbs, and bake in a quick oven till browned.

CAULIFLOWER WITH CHEESE.

Shorten the stems of cold boiled cauliflower; place it on a flat dish and set it in the oven; when a little warmed pour over it about an ounce of hot clarified butter mixed with some grated Parmesan or other cheese; put it again into the oven, and let it brown; serve immediately.

PLUM PUDDING.

A small stale loaf, well broken, leaving out any hard part. Pour over it one quart of boiling milk. one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of molasses, one teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, one half a nutmeg, one pint of stoned raisins. When cool add four well-beaten eggs. Bake or boil three or four hours. It is very good cold.

BANANA ICE CREAM.

One pint of cream, one pint of milk, half-pound of sugar, yolks of six eggs, four bananas. Scald the milk. Beat yolks and sugar together until light; add to the milk and cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Add the cream, and when cool the bananas, which should be mashed through a colander.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Two potatoes, two onions, two turnips, one carrot, a little parsley chopped fine, salt to the taste. Cut the potatoes in quarters, slice the onions, cut the turnips in quarters, slice the carrots. Put all in a stewpan with three pints of water, and salt to the taste. Boil it down to one quart. About 15 minutes before it is done add the parsley. Strain it, and serve with light bread or toast.

FRENCH ROLLS.

Take one-half pint of scalded milk and one yeast cake. Allow this to cool, then add one-half tablespoonful of butter (melted) and the same of lard, a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt and a quart of sifted flour. Mix, and let this stand over night in a warm place. Knead hard in the morning, then roll it out about an inch thick. Spread this over with butter, and cut as if for biscuit, fold together, put them in a pan, and let them rise again. They must be very light each time. Bake as you would biscuits. Unless you have a late breakfast it is difficult to serve these on time, but they are very nice for dinner, and can be warmed over for breakfast. If desired for dinner, set the sponge about 9 a. m.

THE WIDOW OF SPURGEON.

Apart from her intense piety and great energy, Mrs. Spurgeon is a woman of some accomplishments. She has something of the poet's faculty, and although very rarely reading any work of fiction, has told her friends innumerable little anecdotes indicating the brightness of her imagination. She will relate, for insance, how walk... one day with ... husband ... grounds at Norw... a skylark's nest in... to their delight. ... to the field to a... and its tiny eggs ... tress to find tha... let loose into the ... thought, "the ... trampled upon a... Approaching th... Mrs. Spurgeon ... that the nest w... eaten the gr... with some div... spot untouch... dent Mrs. Sp... mon as power... her husband's ... the "Book ... contributions ... Trowel," Mrs. ... some literary gi...

than the homely taste, the modest art with which she has made the inside of Westwood as beautiful as its outside, and its surroundings as beautiful as to all her husband's adherents appears the character of its mistress.—*Frederick Dolman, in the March Ladies' Home Journal.*

EDUCATION AT HOME.

The German Froebel was the great apostle of the kindergarten, a word which means literally a garden of children, where young human beings are cared for as plants are cared for, that their growth may be symmetrical, and that the ripened fruits of character may appear in due time, writes Caroline Le Bow in the March *Ladies' Home Journal.* He saw that the infant made constant use of its eyes; desired to use its legs and arms, and had a disposition to play; that with the first indication of intelligence it showed curiosity, and that its first connected words were in the form of questions It is because his system of education is based upon these facts of the child's natural unfolding that it has proved itself to be the best, and, indeed, the only proper training for young children.

HE WASN'T SURE.

Hard Work to Make up His Nind.

A clergyman was telling anecdotes of incidents in his early life as a pastor. One of them was about a marriage ceremony which he once performed. A young man of the country district came to the pastor one day.

"I want to get married," he said; "and I guess I've got about as good a woman as there is around this part of the State. Can you marry us?"

The clergyman thought that he could, and so the young man went away and soon returned with his bride. They both took the affair very cooly, and when the ceremony was over the bridegroom took the clergyman aside.

"I do not want to drive a bargain at a time like this," he said; "but of course I ain't sure that this marriage business is going to prove all that I expect of it. How would half cash now, one-fourth in one month, and the rest in two months, after I have had a fair chance to see if I got a good bargain, suit you?"

"Well," said the pastor, "if that seems fair to you, I am willing. We'll say ten dollars now, five dollars in one month, and five dollars in two months."

"That's a go," answered the happy bridegroom, and he handed over ten dollars

At the end of a month he returned with five dollars more.

"I ain't sure," he said, a little doubtfully, "about it yet, but I'm willing to make the second payment. You see," he added, "while I have my own doubts about the blessing of married life, I don't know as it's going to make much difference. I ain't just so sure as I was that I could get out of this thing now if I wanted to. She's got an opinion of her own," he said, with a faint grin; "and if she says we have got to keep on being married I guess it'll have to go at that."

"You aren't thinking of getting a divorce, are you?" asked the clergyman.

"Oh, no; at least not just yet."

"Of what faults in your wife do you complain?"

"Oh, nothing in particular."

"Why are you dissatisfied, then?"

"I ain't just dissatisfied. I say I haven't made up my mind yet."

"Why shouldn't you know one way or the other?"

"Well to tell you the honest truth, I don't believe it would do any good. I'm afraid whatever she decides will settle it." Then he went off, looking rather puzzled over the problem.

At the end of the second month there came a knock at the door, and the pastor himself answered it. The bride was standing there, and about five feet behind her was the doubting husband.

"My husband owes you five dollars, doesn't he?" she asked, sharply.

"Well," answered the pastor, with a smile, "I am not sure about that point."

DOROTHY'S DIAMONDS.

"You can't be in earnest, Dotty!" said Ralph Imray.

"But I am in earnest," protested Dorothy, his wife. "Why shouldn't I be in earnest?"

Mr. Imray laid down the pen with which he had been following a long column of figures. He was a bank accountant, and sometimes eked out his small salary by bringing home the books of nighboring firms to post after his regular day's work was over.

He looked intently at Dorothy. Nor was she by any means a disagreeable object to behold, as she sat by the shaded lamp, stitching away at a piece of yellow China silk which emphasized her purple black masses of silky hair and the jetty light of her long lashed eyes.

Some people, to judge by appearances, are born kitchen maids; others are princesses. And Dorothy Imray, albeit her father was a master carpenter and her husband a bank clerk, was one of nature's aristocrats—slim taper-fingered and swan-throated, with a delicate complexion and a profile that remined one of a Roman cameo.

"Why shouldn't you be in earnest?" repeated Ralph. "Because, Dotty, there's a fitness in all things. A poor man's wife has no business to wear diamonds."

"Mrs. Clifford wears them!" petulantly retorted Dorothy. "And Job Clifford doesn't get any higher salary than you do."

"But her father is a man of means, Dotty."

"And Luella Dixon has the loveliest lace-bar! She showed it to me yesterday."

"Dixon and I differ materially in our financial ideas," observed Imray, shrugging his shoulders. "If a man owes money, I, for one, don't regard it as a very smart thing for his wife to be flaunting around in costly jewels. Come, Dot, give up the idea. Twenty years from now I may be able to give you diamonds."

Dorothy pouted. She sewed away with little, swift jerks of the needle.

"Twenty years from now I shall be an old woman," she uttered.

Mr. Imray laughed.

"I'll risk that," said he. "No, Dotty, if my wife were to come out in a pair of diamond ear rings, my employers would be quite justified in scrutinizing my accounts. The topaz ornament I gave you at our wedding were good enough for you then. Why can't you be contented with them now?"

Dorothy answered not a word. The needle seemed like a scimetar in the lamplight; the rose-red lips were tightly compressed; and Ralph resumed his pen, with a sigh.

Dotty had "got into society" lately, and the little home had never recovered its pleasant old-time aspect since.

Mrs. Job Clifford and Luella Dixon were her models now, instead of kind Aunt Rhoda and the rector's pretty young wife.

The next day Mrs. Dixon called, dressed in a fantastic combination suit, with a French hat, and a real lace scarf twisted loosely around her neck.

"Well, Dorothy," began she, "what did he say?" Mrs. Imray's pretty face gloomed over.

"Just what I expected," said she. "Of course he won't give me the diamonds. I might have known that beforehand."

"Don't be discouraged, dear," said Mrs. Dixon, with a furtive glance. "I can suggest a plan. Are we quite alone?"

Dorothy looked surprised.

"Yes," said she. "Bridget has gone to market, and there is no one else on this floor."

Mrs. Dixon drew her chair close to Dorothy's sofa.

"Listen!" she whispered. "How much money have you?"

"Twenty dollars of my own," Dorothy answered, "and forty that Ralph left to pay the agent our rent. That's sixty. And there's fifteen that ... Rhoda sent me to match ... aded silk with ...

you no lies," merrily retorted Mrs. Dixon. "You have the same chance that I did. It's the duties on these luxuries that makes the cost. Captain Sazeda is in a hurry to get back to Rio Janerio. If we go at all we'll have to go to night."

"But it's Ralph's late night at the bank!" hesitated Dorothy.

"All the better. He musn't know a word of it. Men are so rediculous about such things. I never would have breathed a word to you if I had supposed you would betray me!"

"I won't! I won't!" cried Dorothy, her cheeks flushed, her dark eyes sparkling. "Oh, Luella, do you think my poor little seventy five dollars will buy anything fit to look at?"

"Great bargains are sometimes obtained in that way," nodded Mrs. Dixon. "But good gracious, is that eleven striking? And me due at my dressmaker's at half-past ten. I must go, Dorothy. Remember I'll call for you at seven. Not a minute before dark, you know. Sazeda will send up the cabin boy to show you the way. Put on your waterproof, and wear your oldest hat and veil, and make some excuse to Bridget. Mind, sharp seven!"

All day Dorothy Imray went about her occupations like one in a dream. The strange fantastic nature of the adventure appealed to the romantic side of her being.

She longed for diamonds as a desert wonderer longs for cooling fountains. She could tell Ralph that she had hired them, that some of their relations up in Canada had bequeathed them—she could make up any sort of a story to pacify him. The rent must wait. Aunt Rhoda would surely be in no haste about her black brocaded gown!

And Dorothy fell to thinking in what shape the stones—precious sparklers from far Southern mines—should be set.

Seven o'clock came—a raw, smoky twilight filled with fine, drizzling rain—and Dorothy and Mrs. Dixon were picking their way along the narrow, half-lighted streets on the edge of the wharves, where the wind was full of saline odors, and the crowded masts and smoke stacks seemed to overshadow them like some outlandish sort of forest.

A stunted lad in tattered garments trotted along in front of them, whistling as he went, and now and then casting a backwack glance to make sure that they had not lost their way.

Presently he plunged into a crazy old house which seemed to balance itself on the black tides below.

Mrs. Dixon followed—so did Dorothy Imray, after one startled glance around, They descended a flight of ruinous stairs, crossed a rude gangplank, and found themselves on a stupenduously dirty vessel, smelling of tar and onions, and rocking back and forth with the swell produced by the ferry-boats that came and went at intervals.

A humpbacked little man in tarnished velveteen sat on a bucket turned upside down, holding a lantern which he swung toward a cabin door beyond.

"Ha, Giacome!" he uttered, "Ze signora she come to see ze parrot an' ze cockatoo! She is welcome. Walk zat way, please."

And Dorothy and her friend descended into a low-ceiled, dirty place lined with cages of numberless shrieking foreign birds, and a jocund-looking young man with a mandolin slung around his neck was leisurely picking out a tune by the light, a smoked blackened lamp.

He looked at Mrs. Dixon, who nodded her head, while Dorothy stood trembling and a little sea-sick at her side.

He laid down the mandolin, bo... not ungracefully, to ...rothy, a... ing the doors with ... a shallow cigar ... table.

All at once ... into sci... sta...

her haste, however, the young woman stumbled.

"Quick," cried Luella—"quick! What's the matter with you?"

"I'm afraid I have sprained my ankle," wailed poor Dorothy, growing white and sick. "Oh, Luella, wait—"

And that was all she remembered.

* * * * * *

"Diamonds, my dear—diamonds?" echoed Aunt Rhoda. "Just cut glass, and nothing more. Bright pebbles that one can pick up anywhere."

"But Mrs. Dixon—"stammered Dorothy.

"Don't talk, dear," said Aunt Rhoda, with a wave of her hand. "Ralph made me promise not to let you get excited. But I think it's best to tell you the whole story at once. They've cut and run, the lot of 'em—Dixon and his wife, that Sazeda fellow and all. They palmed off a lot of those false jewels on people who supposed they were buying smuggled diamonds, and the ship was found deserted the next day. Where did we find you? Why, fainting away all alone on the dock steps. I had followed you. I had come in that morning, and was in the next bedroom all the time that woman was putting her falsehoods down your throat.

"And I knew, in Ralph's absence, that it was my business to look after you. Bridget was with me, and together we got you home. Much that other woman cared whether you lived or died! She has left you to your fate. No, Dotty, no; don't look so grieved! It was a false step, but the Lord has mercifully preserved you, and now we'll wipe off the old scores and begin again."

And Dorothy had just enough strength left to press her lips to Aunt Rhoda's withered hand.

"Ralph," she said, when she was quite recovered, "if ever you are able to buy me any jewels—"

"Which I certainly shall do, Dot, one of these days," he gaily interrumpted.

"Don't let them be diamonds. I hate diamonds! I never want to see one again. Turquoises, amethysts, whatever else you please, but not diamonds!"

"Well, it shall be as you please," said Ralph. "Your bright eyes, love, are all the diamonds I want!"

"Oh, Ralph," sobbed Dorothy, "how good you are to me! How I love you." —*Helen Forest Graves.*

AN IRISH BULL.

I want to ask you if you ever heard Mike's own definition of an Irish bull, when a lady asked him if he could tell her what one was. "Yes, mum; I can do that mum," said Michael. "If you are drivin' along the highway and you see three cows layin' down in a pasture and wan of thim's standin' up, why that wan is an Irish bull."—*Washington Post.*

GOLD AND SILVER SPANGLES.

Spangles are used on everything, writes Mrs. Isabel A. Mallon in the March *Ladies' Home Journal.* On gowns, on bonnets, on all the little belongings possible, and especially on fans. The prettiest of fans are of gauze with very large spangles of steel or gold upon them, and then dragon flies or butterflies formed of spangles. Being on the outer sticks the effect is very sparkling, and, as a matter of course, tends to brighten the entire toilette.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Yesterd... morning a kr... heard ... count... d...

He was for a long time confused at not hearing the clock, but after awhile began tapping his paw anyway. The remarkable point is that after awhile he remembered how many strokes were due at each succeeding hour, so that now whenever the Colonel clucks he gets into position and taps the number of strokes the clock should make next time. Thus at any time after 10 o'clock he taps eleven times; after 4 o'clock five times, etc.—*Bellefonte (Pa.) News.*

APPOINTMENTS.

Dr. N. M. Culbreth, Lecturer for the Sixth Congressional District, will address the members and friends of the Alliance at the following times and places:

NEW HANOVER COUNTY.

Masonboro Hall, Wednesday,	April	6.
Harnet Township, Thursday,	"	7.

PENDER COUNTY.

Rocky Point, Friday,	April	8.
Canetuck, Saturday,	"	9.
Atkinson, Monday,	"	11.

ROBESON COUNTY.

Ten Mile, Saturday,	April	16.
Great Marsh Alliance,	"	18.
Ashpole, Tuesday,	"	19.
Maxton, Wednesday,	"	20.

RICHMOND COUNTY.

Old Laurel Hill, Thursday,	April	21.
Hamlet, Friday,	"	22.
Elerbee Springs, Saturday,	"	23.
Zion, Monday,	"	25

ANSON COUNTY.

Lilesville, Tuesday,	April	26.
Marven, Wednesday,	"	27.
Union Church, Thursday,	"	28.
Hopewell Church, Friday,	"	29.

Speaking to begin at 11 o'clock a. m. at each place. The public, both ladies and gentlemen, cordially invited to attend these meetings.

Dr. V. N. Seawell, Assistant Lecturer for the State, will visit Richmond and Montgomery counties and address the citizens in behalf of the F. A and I. U. at the following times and places:

Ellerbee Springs,	April	16.
Green Lake,	"	18.
Oak Dale,	"	19.
Hoffman,	"	20.
Laurel Hill,	"	21.
Rocky Ford,	"	22.
Pike,	"	23.
Brownsville,	"	25.
Terrell,	"	26.
State Line,	"	27.
Hamet,	"	28.
Speed Town,	"	29.
Providence,	"	30.
Macune,	May	2.

NOTICE.

It is requested by the Executive Committee of the N. C. Farmers' State Alliance, that all propositions for the meeting of the N. C. Farmers' State Alliance, for its annual session the second Tuesday in August, 1892, should be addressed to W. S. Barnes, Sec'y-Treas. N. C. F. S. A., Raleigh, N. C. The propositions should be in this office by the first of May. Please give rates of board and facilities for taking care of the officers, delegates and friends who may attend. W. S. BARNES,
Sec'y-Treas. N. C. F. S. A.

NOTICE FROM STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The State Alliance does not pay the expenses of anyone visiting or speaking to Alliances except the State President or Lecturers, and any Alliances inviting speakers to address them should expect at least to pay their expenses.

S. B. Alexander, J. M. Mewborne, J. S. Johnston—Committee.